



Vol. 2.

Published by Huddy & Duval: Philadelphia, January, 1841.

No. 7.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS,

And defeat of the British army, January 8th, 1815.*

BY J. E. DOW.

Onward the wave of carnage rolled,
The British Lion trailed in blood,
And Talavera's host, so bold,
Sank 'neath the gory rushing flood.
Then sweet the signal bugle swelled,
And ceased the fight where'er it spread,
While loud the dying charger yelled
Above his rider cold and dead.

It is comparatively an easy duty for the historian to compile from the records of antiquity a correct account of the rise and fall of nations, of the movements of fleets, and armies and of the successes of valiant generals; but when he comes down to the present and endeavors to sketch the incidents of his own times his duty becomes arduous, and his task at the best a thankless one. There are however exceptions to all general rules; there are occasions about which no difference of opinion can exist—there are triumphs that gleam bright amid the scenes of every day life and which increase in splendour with every succeeding year. In a former number we gave an account of the first militia battle of the Revolution. We shall now proceed to detail the incidents of the last militia fight which closed the second war with England.

But faint hope cheers the hired soldier, when his bayonet is pointed at the breast of the freeman whose foot stands firmly upon his hearth stone, and whose very breath is a hurrah for battle. Under such circumstances, with all

minor advantages on his side, the chances of victory are doubtful to the invader, and rarely if ever does he bivouack on the battle ground, unless it be with the sleep of death upon him and a crimson shroud about him.

The morning of the 8th of January 1815, dawned upon New Orleans.

Man of military experience! shut up the pages of history, and tell me what shall be the fate of the impetuous Jackson and his gallant companion in arms, during this day of battle and of blood? Royal Engineer! with a smile of scorn declare to me how long the raw militia-men shall stand behind the bank of a dry canal, against the soldiers of the crown! Soldier of fortune—thou whose cold and calculating eye has gazed upon the bloody plains of Estramadura, and whose itching foot has trod upon the ramparts of San Sebastian and Badajos. How long shall it be ere the streets of yonder beautiful city—the lap of the Mississippi, shall resound with the shouts of the conqueror, ere “Booty and Beauty” shall satiate his brutal appetites?

The noise of hammers, the rumbling of cannon wheels, the clink of steel, and the tread of moving columns, had been heard within the British camp during the night, but as the morning watch came, the weary soldiers laid down, many of them to sleep their last sleep in the lowlands of Louisiana. As the mist slowly curled along the broad and

*The British Army of 12000 men, was commanded by Sir Edward Packenham in the attack on the American Lines, defended by 3,600 Militia, under the command of Maj. Gen. Andrew Jackson, on Chalmette Plain, five miles below New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi. The Plate drawn on the field of Battle, by H. Laclotte, Asst. Engineer in the Louisiana Army.

swiftly passing river, and the heralds of the morning waved their banners of beauty above the eastern bayous, a rocket was sent up from the right flank of the British army, and immediately the column advanced to the attack. The elite of the conquerors of the Peninsula, the relics of Albuera and Talavera ten thousand strong were on one hand, while a mass of raw militia-men leavened by a handful of regulars were on the other. The one advanced with the firm, proud step of the veteran, while the other with a soul unborn to the mysteries of battle, awaited in silence the onset. A 12 pounder from battery No. 6 of Jackson's line, under the direction of Lieutenant Bertel, gave notice to the invaders that the storming party were discovered. The enemy now gave three cheers, formed a close column of about sixty men in front, in very good order, and hastened in the direction of battery No. 7; the men shouldering their muskets and all carrying fascines or ladders. A cloud of Congreve rockets preceded the long red line, and continued to fall in showers of fire during the whole attack.

Lieutenants Spotts and Chaveau with a detachment of United States Artillery were stationed in No. 7. At No. 8 a corporal of Artillery, with a company of Tennessee militia-men from General Carroll's command, worked the iron mouth piece of the battery. As the British troops advanced, No. 7 with the batteries before named, opened an incessant and dreadful fire upon them. They however thought of the glories of Cintra and Vittoria, and continued to press onward in pretty good order, until the muskets and rifles of Tennessee and Kentucky under Coffee and Carroll, opened upon them. Then it was that the column broke into confusion, while that constant rolling fire like continuous peals of thunder, struck terror to the breast of the bravest foe—officers and men huddled together in a sort of military mob. At length the Veterans rallied—the shame of being beaten by raw militia, came like a dreadful picture before their eyes. Bunker Hill and Bennington were again remembered, and the days of the Revolution flashed upon them. The column now obliques to the left for the purpose of avoiding the galling fire of the Regulars at No. 7. Still file after file of gallant spirits pressed on, and again and again the unerring cannon mowed them down in winrows, and the last Britons covered the first, with their mangled bodies. In twenty-five minutes, during which time the Kentucky and Tennessee rifles had poured upon the advancing host, a continuous volley, as deadly as any given at Bunker Hill, the column broke, and while a portion of the troops sheltered themselves in the bushes, the remainder retreated to their line four hundred yards from the batteries.

The officers with some difficulty rallied their men, and again prepared for a furious attack. The weary foemen now divested themselves of their coats and knapsacks, and laid them upon the edge of the ditch, and now the word is given, and with fresh troops and fresh courage, the column in battle array advances—again the batteries pour forth their dreadful messengers, again the deep mouthed thunder of the line breaks upon the leader's ear. Around him like maple leaves in autumn fall his crimson host, and again the column breaks and flies in the greatest confusion to the

morning lines; no voice of the officers can cheer the remnant of the day. Struck with the flat of the subaltern's sword, before the very face of the cheering enemy, the Veteran of the peninsula refuses to advance to instant death, before the batteries of Jackson's line. At this moment a major general of the British army dressed in his glittering uniform, upon a war horse splendidly caparisoned, comes prancing along the front of the column. Two others inferior in rank, rush out to pay him the salute due to his station; a smile rests upon the general's features. A dozen cannon now thunder from the American lines, the three generals fall from their chargers—the dying horses roll in agony upon the plain—a wail comes up from the ranks of the foemen, and the march of the column turns out to be the march of the dying.

At the time the forlorn hope advanced upon battery No. 7, a number of the enemy's troops had sheltered themselves in the wood towards the extremity of the American lines, for the purpose of making a feint. The gallant Coffee soon discovered and quickly routed them. The greater portion of those who escaped the heavy fire of the batteries soon fell beneath the iron rain of the Tennessee rifle. The Artillery and the militia vied with each other in the trenches, and during the hour in which death reigned triumphant, their fire slackened not. One long dreadful roll like the muttering of a coming earthquake, shook the ground while a cloud of smoke pierced by incessant flashes of fire, hung above the victors and the dead.

When the attack on the left of the lines had commenced, the enemy caused a column to display on the right between the river and the levée. This column swiftly pursuing its course drove in the American outposts, and came up to their unfinished redoubt, ere two discharges of cannon could be received. A part of the column now sprang into the ditch, entered the redoubt through the embrasures and over the parapet, and overpowered with the force of numbers the few men stationed there. The remainder of the column of attack advanced along the brink of the river, and killed the soldiers of the 7th, who at the point of the bayonet received the crimson host. The breast-work of the intrenchment in the rear of the redoubt, still remained to be conquered. Several British officers were now dreadfully wounded while endeavouring to lead on their men to the attack. Colonel Renée followed by two officers of equal rank began to ascend the breast-work, but ere they reached the summit the volunteers rifles under the gallant Beal, laid them in the agonies of death in that redoubt which they had so gallantly conquered.

The batteries commanded by Captain Humphreys and Lieutenant Norris, and the guns of the 7th regiment were only within gun-shot of the enemy, on the right of the left wing of the Americans. These kept up a tremendous fire upon the column, and soon caused it to fall back in disorder, leaving in its track the levée and the bank of the river, strewn with the dead and the dying,

—"Thick as the leaves on Vallambrosa's streams."

Early in the attack the enemy had opened his fire from his batteries behind the ruins of Chalmette's plantation.—

The fire at first was very brisk upon McCarty's house where the American general and his staff were supposed to be. The wary Jackson was not to be caught in quarters—

When deep mouthed cannon sung of war
And echo spoke the wild Hurrah!—

Long before the morning's purple ushered in the day the American commander-in-chief was upon the lines. An assistant adjutant general, who had remained to perform some important business, was wounded in the shoulder and five of the pillars of the house were knocked down;—so much for the attack upon head-quarters! The nearest American batteries were all this time pouring a terrible fire into the wool gathering battery at Chalmette's. No. 1 gave the retreating column a parting salute of grape, which thinned it like the black plague, and then turned upon her antagonist the battery before mentioned. In less than two hours the enemy were driven from Chalmette's, and the roar along the lines had ceased. The battle on the left bank of the Mississippi was over—not so with the forces on the right bank. General Morgan commanded the American forces on the right, and he had extended his front so far and his right was so poorly guarded by sharp shooters, that the British turned the flank, penetrated through an opening in the lines, and caused the Kentucky volunteers to retreat. The foe then pushed on for the left. Commodore Patterson who had charge of a marine battery now prepared to receive the advancing column, but the Kentuckians masked his guns to such an extent that it was impossible for him to fire without killing them. Seeing this and being determined to annoy the host that he could not stay, he ordered the cannon to be spiked, the ammunition to be thrown overboard, and repaired on board the Louisiana battle ship. The first and second regiments now retreated to Bois gervais line, where the flying troops rallied. Jourdan's mill and bridge, and those of Flood and Cazeldar were wrapped in flames, and then and there the British column halted. General Jackson seeing the troops on the right retreating, now sent General Hubert with a reinforcement of four hundred men to repulse the enemy, at all hazards. General Morgan of the Louisiana militia, who was in command, conceiving that he was not to blame for the retreat of his right, felt sore at being superceded by Hubert, who had entered the lines as a volunteer. As Hubert had no written order, and as Morgan's officers protested against his giving up the command, a consultation was held. While the generals and their subalterns were settling the question of rank and command at the head of the lines, the enemy seeing the reinforcement of the Americans and hearing of the melancholy fate of their brethren on the left bank, retreated. This settled the question, and Morgan retained command. At evening the last straggler had crossed the river; and when the moon arose the American sentinel paced his rounds unmolested upon the right bank of the Mississippi. The Kentuckians had an excuse for their conduct; they were raw troops called out at a late period—they had marched through cypresses, and crossed bayous and rivers,—wet, and weary, and without food—scattered along a half defended line, they retreated to save

themselves from instant capture, and by so doing threw a panic into the remainder of the right wing. On the right bank but one hundred and twenty British lay dead, while upon the left bank, the space between the American lines and the British lines was literally covered with killed and wounded. Upwards of three thousand red coats lay bleeding together. The American loss was one man on the right, and thirteen on the left bank at the battle of New Orleans. The British columns were sluggish in their movements; each man carried his knapsack weighing thirty pounds, his musket too heavy by a third, and every one had to carry a fascine from nine to ten inches in diameter, and four feet long, made of ripe sugar cane.—or a ladder from ten to twelve feet long. Thus loaded down, and moving in solid column, they presented a glorious mark to the sharp shooters behind Jackson's lines.

When the firing on the left had ceased, and the smoke had rolled away like the storm cloud from the expanse of ocean, the American soldiers animated by the purest sentiments of humanity, went out upon the battle field to bear the wounded foeman within their lines; but shame to say, the British troops in the ditch, in front of the lines, fired upon them, and killed them; loaded as they were with England's bleeding sons. Such was the spirit that animated the British soldier at the battle of New Orleans, when the prospect of Booty and Beauty had faded away before his eyes, and death and a soldier's sepulchre seemed to be all that remained for him in the cypresses of Louisiana. After a short space, the British sent to General Jackson a Flag of Truce, proposing a suspension of arms to enable them to bury their dead. General Jackson allowed them two hours, and only extended the permission to the left bank of the river. At 4 P. M., the truce having expired by limitation, the cannon from the American lines opened furiously upon the enemy and continued until sunset, when silence brooded over the respective camps.

It was a solemn hour when the British and American burying parties met at the advanced line of posts, and delivered up their respective dead. When the brave Renée and his brothers who led the forlorn hope were brought forth and laid down side by side on the litter, the British soldiers burst into tears, and a wail of sorrow went forth from every tongue.

General Keane's trumpet as well as that which was used on the right of the enemy was taken in the action, and remained with Coffee's brigade as a trophy of their prowess during that day of fire and blood.

General Keane also lost his sword in the attack; and on account of its being a gift from an esteemed friend General Jackson, at his particular request, restored it to him. This, General Jackson informed the Secretary of war, was the first time that a conquered general had ever begged a sword that had been wrested from him in fair fight.

On the morning of the 9th of January, the American batteries renewed their fire upon the British camp, but it was soon slackened at the approach of an officer with a Flag of Truce, bearing a letter to General Jackson, signed, "Lambert," without any title.

General Jackson refused to hold communication with any

one but the British commander-in-chief: and then the officer was compelled to acknowledge that General Packenham was dead—having been mortally wounded on the morning of the 8th—and that Major General Lambert had succeeded to the command of the British army before the lines.

A suspension of arms was now agreed upon, and continued until the British retreated, which they did after a cartel of prisoners had been drawn up, and exchanged by Colonel Edward Livingston, on the part of General Jackson, and Major Smith, military Secretary, on the part of Major General Lambert.

On the morning of the 19th of January, the American sentinels perceived that the British camp was deserted.—All around was still as the grave—the din and bustle of the martial camp had ceased.

“War had smoothed his wrinkled front.”

Horsemen and footmen were gone, and flashing steel and waving plume were seen no more. A British surgeon with two assistants, now entered the American lines, with a letter from General Lambert, recommending eighty wounded men to the humanity and generosity of General Jackson. The general received them kindly, and sent the wounded foeman under their charge to New Orleans, with his own surgeon general to assist them. The hero of New Orleans and his staff, now went to view the deserted camp. Fourteen cannon and carronades were found in the batteries spiked and mutilated together, with a quantity of cannon ball. The buildings in the vicinity of the lines were perforated by the shot from the batteries, and spoke well for the execution of the marine battery under Commodore Patterson's charge. The foe had retreated hastily, and

the camp kettles still hung with their contents boiling over the deserted and sinking fires.

A detachment of cavalry under Colonel Laronde and Kemper, pursued the retiring enemy, through the prairie, and picked up a few stragglers; but the main body suffered no molestation, as it departed, well satisfied as it was, that the title of a hero of Wellington was not sufficient to strike terror into the souls of the defenders of New Orleans.

On the 23d of January, a grand *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral of New Orleans, and the whole city was illuminated. General Jackson, whose valor and firmness was well declared to have been the salvation of the city, was crowned with laurels, and the night was spent in festivity and joy.

The fair daughters of Louisiana honored their deliverer with their presence, and when the morning dawned, New Orleans rung with the shouts of a relieved and enthusiastic people.

Thus closed the battle of the 8th of January, 1815. Jackson, Coffee, Carroll, Thomas, Adair and a host of others won imperishable laurels in the fight, and the soldiers who slept in tents pitched upon islands, amid the cypresses, and who waded to defend the flanks, deserved the approbation of a grateful country. The battle of New Orleans ended the war with Great Britain. Peace was proclaimed in a few days after the foemen had embarked, and the detested Cockburn, with his brutal crew, soon departed for other climes, where towns were to be sacked and altars to be polluted.

This battle was the most sanguinary one ever fought, considering the numbers engaged. It exceeded the battle of Waterloo in blood and carnage, and was far more fatal to the vanquished than that of Minden.

The Last Hero of the Revolution.

I saw the hoary warrior chief,
Whose sternly proud, but blighted form
Proclaimed him worn with bitter grief,
An oak, amid the pelting storm.

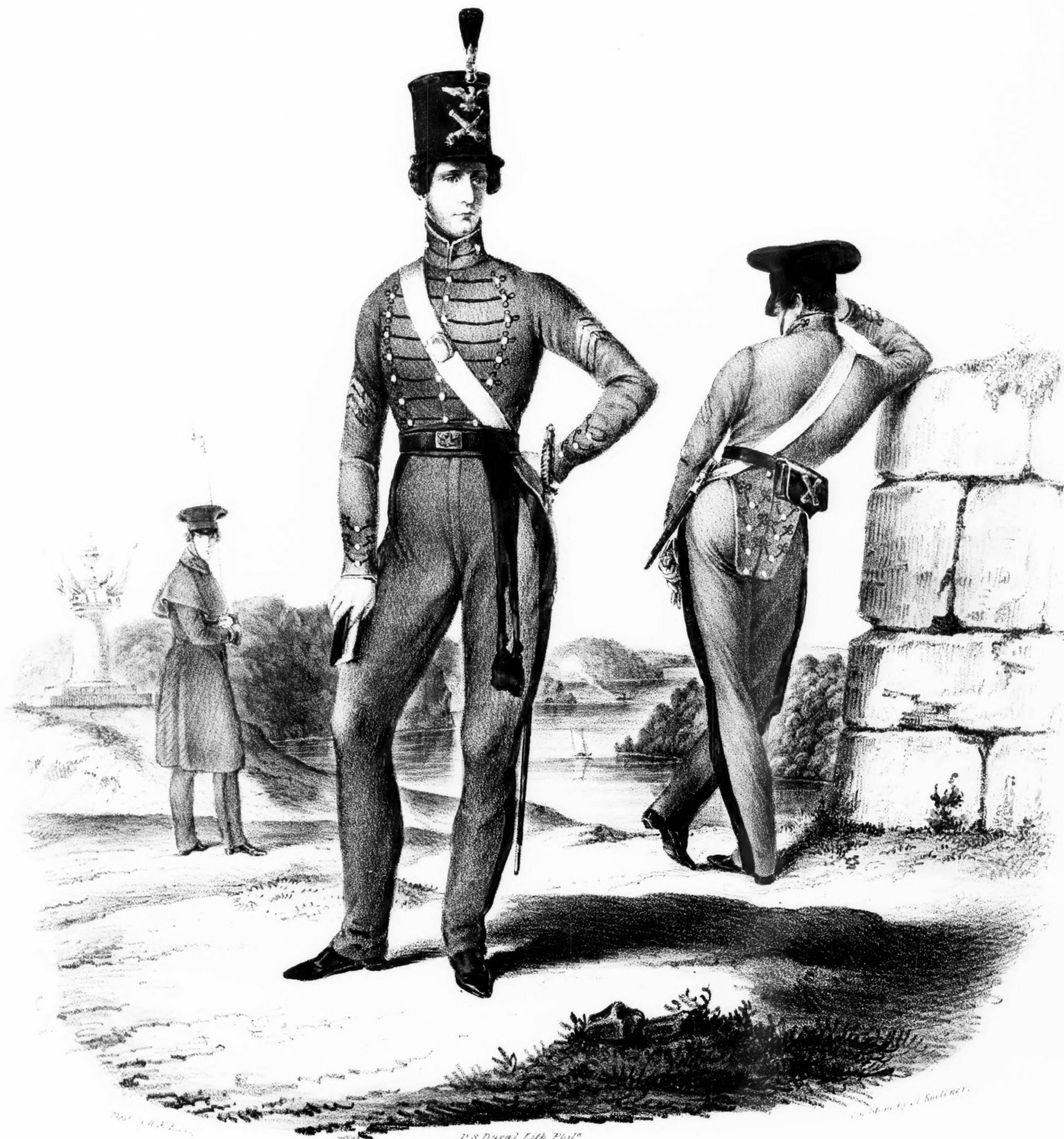
Of those, whose crimson tide embrued
The fields, where Albion's glory fell;
Of those who oft undaunted stood,
When cannons pealed the hero's knell—

He was the last—the only head
Was his, that waved with wintry bloom;
Surviving all, for all had sped—
They slept in honour's laurelled tomb.

He gazed—alas! he gazed in vain,
To meet the comrades of his toil;
Cotemporaries on the gory plain,
Companions in the victory spoil.

All, all around was sad and drear,
And nought could grief of years beguile;
For him, condolence had no tear,
For him, affection wore no smile.

I saw—and lo! the warrior slept;
The war-worn veteran join'd the brave;
The Genius of Columbia wept,
And Freedom's wreath bedecked his grave.



On Post.

Full Dress.

Fatigue Dress.

UNITED STATES CADET'S. WEST POINT.

U.S. Military Magazine.

Army & Navy. Vol. 2nd.

Engraved by J. K. Kellner, from a drawing by J. K. Kellner, in the Year 1840, by Brady & David, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of P.

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

WEST POINT.*

BY JAMES REES,

Author of "Passages in the life of Lafitte, &c. &c."

— "Here Liberty shall build her proudest fane,
Loftier than snow topp'd Andes"—

To the American reader the history of our institutions upon which are founded the civil and military character of the country cannot but prove interesting. The present prosperous state of our happy land, rich in all that constitutes the source of wealth, enlightened and ambitious in science, formidable in its army and navy, presents to the rising generation a subject for contemplation far more interesting to him than are all the relics of antiquity, and the exaggerated legends (termed history) of the ancients. Did Rome in her proudest day boast of patriots, sages, and citizens so united and so pure, as those of our Revolution? Rome dreamt of freedom,—imagined it—we as a people realised it. Ages were maturing it for us—it is now ours, and ours only. Liberty such as we enjoy was twined with Washington, and together they burst upon the astonished world. For deeds of glorious emulation our youth need only turn over the leaves of American history, they will furnish him with examples unequalled in the mouldering pages of the past.

From that proud epoch in our country's history, when Liberty, "kin to deity" broke upon us in all its sublimity, the glories and the destinies of the people start into a new and beautiful existence, the brightness of which outshines the meteoric rays of the past, and opens on the book of Revolutions a page emblazoned with deeds which have—"pal'd the lustre of a kingly diadem."

To sustain the character of our nation, and strengthen every department essential to its interests, institutions have been established for the teaching of youth the various branches of a military education, necessary to the formation of the "gentleman soldier." West Point is identified with the history of this department and such facts as we have been able to glean in relation to it are herewith furnished. The reader will perceive that the principal points touched upon, occur in its history prior to the year 1825. In a future number we will furnish the readers of this work with some very interesting incidents, historical and local, associated with this institution.

The old system of allowing two Cadets to be educated as Engineers for each company of artillery was found inefficient, as no instruction was provided that could be applied

with sufficient effect. It became in 1800 a subject of much discussion, and various plans were proposed for the purpose of establishing on some solid basis a school which would embrace all the branches essential to a military education. The defects in the old system were sensibly felt by that old and accomplished soldier Col. Williams, an alumnus of Harvard College. In the war of the Revolution he served with distinction, and it was at his earnest solicitations the general government in 1802, founded the Academy, and ordered all the Cadets scattered through the country to report themselves at West Point for instruction. Col. Williams was placed at its head, and continued there with great honour to himself and advantage to the establishment until 1812, when he resigned from old age. A more beautiful situation than West Point cannot be conceived for such a school; it is a promontory of the Highlands in the state of New York, on the west bank of the Hudson River, in Orange County, about fifty miles north of New-York city—noted as a military position of great importance during the Revolutionary war. The buildings are delightfully situated on a plain, elevated 188 feet above the river. There are six large stone buildings belonging to the institution, and several of brick for officers, professors, &c. On an adjoining height 598 feet above the river, are the ruins of Fort Putnam alike distinguished in our country's history.

Col. Williams was succeeded by Gen. Swift, one of the oldest class of élèves of the school, who was in turn followed in office by Capt. Partridge, as the course of the war compelled him to be much on other service, where his uncommon talents and knowledge were more immediately needed. Circumstances arising out of the peculiar state of the country during four years, and from drafts made by the war department on the school for officers, it was not in a good condition, and so continued until 1817.

In that year, from which its present admirable character is to be dated, Major Thayer, an officer of rare talents and accomplishments, who, from the time of his being a graduate at Dartmouth College in 1807, had been constantly attached to the corps of Engineers and connected with the Academy, and who had from 1815, been passing two years in Europe, to perfect his knowledge and become familiar with its best scientific establishments, was called home from France and placed at the head of the military

*In 1821, the Boston Advertiser contained an article under the above head, to which I am indebted for much of the matter contained in this.

Academy at West Point. Few men were better calculated to take charge of the institution at that particular period of its history, than this gentleman, fallen as it was, from causes above stated, it required the experience of a scholar, and the theoretical knowledge of an enthusiast in his profession to raise it up and place it upon such a basis as would hereafter render it impossible, from any cause, to deteriorate. His motto was—"In time of peace prepare for war," but so prepared, the war was not to effect the interest and the character of the school, such we believe has been its situation since that period. The reform he effected in 1822, when the first class received under his superintendence in 1818, was sent forth from the institution, the entire success of which was fully proved, and the young gentlemen at West Point are now more *thoroughly* taught, in what they pretend to learn, and have better intellectual habits than those to be found in any other place of instruction in the country.

Those who wish to be admitted, apply to the secretary of War, and if their recommendations are found satisfactory warrants for their examination are granted to as many as the Academy can receive. There are generally about 250 Cadets, and these are selected by the secretary of war, from the different states. They are educated for the United States army, and for Engineers, and remain for a term of four years. With these warrants, received from the secretary the candidates repair in June of the year for which they are granted to West Point, and those who are found qualified in English studies—who are above 14 and under 21 years of age—who can "perform with *facility* and *accuracy* the ground rules of arithmetic, both simple and compound—the rules of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and also of vulgar and decimal fractions" are conditionally admitted and put on a probation of six months, at the end of which time, they are severely examined, their character and conduct ascertained, and when the result is settled, they either receive their commissions as Cadets or are entirely rejected from the institution. In this way, the number sent by the secretary of war is reduced every year about one-fifth.

The Cadets thus admitted, remain in all four years at West Point, their number being limited to 250 by the government, and further reduced by the severe discipline of the academy to an average of 220. During their residence there, they receive from the Treasury of the United States pay and rations, to an amount which makes the superintendent anxious their friends should furnish them with no money—and they have besides excellent rooms given them and the arms and books they need to use while they are there. They are taught French with such thoroughness, that after the first year they are required to use several French treatises as text books for their daily recitations—drawing to a beautiful degree of skill,—natural and experimental philosophy—chemistry and mineralogy, geography, history, ethics, and national law; mathematics in very high branches—and engineering. To effect this, they have the superintendent and 22 regular teachers—besides 4 of the best Cadets who act as teachers—all most constant-

ly and labouriously devoted to their respective objects, in which the superintendent Major Thayer set them an admirable example, inasmuch, as he was not absent from West Point a fortnight in all, since he was placed at its head in 1817, devoting even his vacations to the improvement of the school.

But the great merit of the Academy at West Point and its prevalent characteristic is, the exactness of intellectual discipline and thoroughness of the instruction given; in consequence of which the young men gain there, not only a great and valuable amount of knowledge, but habits of mind, which are of even greater consequence to their future character, than the instruction positively communicated. To bring this to pass several means are used which are common in Europe, but, which have, until now, been unknown among us.

In the first place, *the Cadets are kept rigidly at the school*. No vacation is granted except, that, at the end of the 2d year, about half of the class that has been there two years is allowed to go home in July, while the whole of the rest of the school is on its military march and encampment, which takes the place of all the vacations. Nor are special absences, for urgent reasons, frequent. During a great proportion of every year, not an individual will be found away, and on no one day, during the last three years, has the number exceeded three.

In the next place, *the Recitations are much more exact and thorough, than they are any where else*. In the more important branches, as French, Mathematics, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, &c. not above sixteen recite together, and yet these sixteen have a recitation of three hours in the morning, and one of two in the afternoon at which each Cadet is compelled to recite personally, about half the lesson assigned to all, so that all the subterfuges of idleness are entirely taken away. *The lesson must be learnt and thoroughly learnt by every one*, or those who neglect it will *certainly* be exposed.

In the third place, *talents and industry are constantly promoted*, instead of being obliged to wait for dullness and indolence, as they are in our colleges. The first division of each class gets longer lessons than the second, and so on; and those who gain ground are constantly advanced, while those who lose it, fall back; so that one cadet may have recited and studied much more than any other of the same standing; while in our colleges, the finest scholar in a class has not even an opportunity of going on faster or reciting more than the dullest and most idle. The effect such a system has upon a sensitive mind can easily be imagined, and there are many instances of a fine intellect being crushed, and its brightness obscured by being thus compelled to *fag* on with some of the veriest dunces in creation. Moreover at West Point, every week the names of those who are at the head and foot of their respective sections (or about five or six out of every sixteen) are publicly posted up, as a stimulus to industry and reproach to idleness. And finally their examinations are much more rigid and effectual than any that we see practiced in other professional colleges or schools. For besides the examination for admis-

sion, and a semi-annual one every winter, both of which are managed by their instructors alone, a public one takes place every June, before persons appointed by the secretary of War, which lasts twenty days at least. At this very exact investigation, they are made to recite, of course, a large amount of all that they have learnt during the year, and at the end of it, they are arranged in classes according to their merit;—the best numbered *one*, and so on, without reference to the arrangement of the preceding year; and none being advanced, who have not acquired the prescribed knowledge.—Thus in 1820, fifty-three were turned back by the examiners to re-commence the studies of the preceding year, and of these fifty-three, no less than twenty-four were a few weeks afterwards, finally dismissed from the Academy by the secretary of War, because they had not fulfilled the purposes for which they came. Although applicants are examined on warrants issued from the war department, the writer of this knows many instances of boys being admitted, who, were up to the period of their admission totally unfit for any other vocation, and of course were found wanting when publicly examined at the institution—as a cadet, and were dismissed. It may be asked how came they to pass the warrant examination? The answer to this question would be to expose the influence of family, and of party, and perhaps a little *partiality*, which is shown in the history of the best organized governments of the world. Let that pass. Genius and talent however are the only true vouchers for any station, and like honesty, are the best passports to favor and honor.

In June 1821, forty-three were turned back, but it is not known how many were dismissed. The five best in each Class are put upon the Army register to receive commissions if they choose, when they leave West Point—and when the annual catalogue is published, each cadet is numbered in his class according to his standing at the examination, and if he was turned back, it is noted.

“With such a system as this; and what is much better, such a system as this strictly and sincerely executed, it is no wonder, the academy at West Point has sent forth into the country a succession of young men better educated in the physical and exact sciences than any we have ever had, and with intellectual habits which promise yet more to their future characters. But this system of their military discipline is made completely subordinate and subservient; used rather as exercise and amusement at any time—and omitted at those seasons, and under those circumstances when it would interfere with the serious studies which form the great and paramount object of the establishment. We conclude our article with the address made to the cadets by President Adams, on the occasion of their visit to him in the month of August 1824.

My Young Fellow-Citizens and Fellow-Soldiers,

I rejoice that I live to see so fine a collection of the future defenders of their country in pursuit of honor under the auspices of the national government.

A desire of distinction is implanted by nature in every human bosom, and the general sense of mankind in all ages and countries, cultivated and uncultivated, has excited, encouraged and applauded this passion in military men more than in any other order of society. Military glory is esteemed the first and greatest of glories. As your profession is at least as solemn and as sacred as any in human life, it behoves you seriously to consider *what is glory?*

There is no real glory in this world or any other, but such as arises from wisdom and benevolence. There can be no solid glory among men, but that which springs from equity and humanity; from the constant observance of prudence, temperance, justice and fortitude. Battles, victories and conquests, abstracted from their only justifiable object and end, which is justice and peace, are the glory of fraud, violence, and usurpation. What was the glory of Alexander and Cæsar? The glimmering which those “livid flames” in Milton “cast pale and dreadful,” or “the sudden blaze” which far around “illumined Hell.”

Different—far different, is the glory of Washington and his faithful colleagues! Excited by no ambition of conquest or avaricious desire of wealth; irritated by no jealousy, envy, malice or revenge; prompted only by the love of their country, by the purest patriotism and philanthropy, they persevered, with invincible constancy, in defence of their country, her fundamental laws, her natural, essential, and inalienable rights and liberties, against the lawless and ruthless violence of tyranny and usurpation.

The biography of these immortal captains, and the history of their great actions, you will read and ruminate night and day. You need not investigate antiquity, or travel into foreign countries to find models of excellence in military commanders, without a stain of ambition or avarice, tyranny, cruelty, or oppression, towards friends or enemies.

In imitation of such great examples, in the most exalted transports of your military ardour, even in the day of battle, you will be constantly overawed by a conscious sense of the dignity of your characters as men, as American citizens, and as Christians.

I congratulate you on the great advantages you possess for attaining eminence in letters and science, as well as in arms. These advantages are a precious deposit, which you ought to consider as a sacred trust, for which you are responsible to your country, and to a higher tribunal. These advantages, and the habits you have acquired, will qualify you for any course of life you may choose to pursue.

That I may not fatigue you with too many words, allow me to address every one of you in the language of a Roman dictator to his master of the horse, after a daring and dangerous exploit for the safety of his country,

“Macte virtus esto.”



Cadets' Monument at West Point.

Few places in the United States present such strong claims upon the attention of a traveller, as the Military Academy at West Point. The location is eminently beautiful and appropriate, and the objects of present interest are blended with recollections and associations of a most thrilling character. The ruins of Fort Putnam, recalling the deeds and men of other times—the favourite haunt of the gallant Kosciusko—the monument erected to the memory of that distinguished patriot—the buildings—the Academy—the bold and romantic scenery of the Hudson, no where more striking than from this point of observation—the splendid philosophical apparatus belonging to the Institution—the manly bearing of the Cadets, and the dignified politeness of their Superintendent and Instructors, all form subjects of powerful attraction, and are calculated to yield high pleasure to the visitor.

To the pensive mind, too, there is afforded matter of deeper feeling, than any of the subjects which have been mentioned, in the little grave yard which contains *the departed* of the Institution, and the "rude forefathers" of the adjoining hamlet. This is a small enclosure about half a mile distant from the Academy, situated on the lofty bank

of the river, and almost entirely obscured from the view beneath by the trees and shrubbery. It contains a number of graves, and among others those of several students of the Academy, who have been taken away in the dawning of their usefulness, to answer the wise purpose of an overruling Providence. These graves are surmounted by appropriate monuments, erected by the Cadets, with inscriptions telling the age, the station, and the merits of the dead, and recording the respect and regret of the survivors.

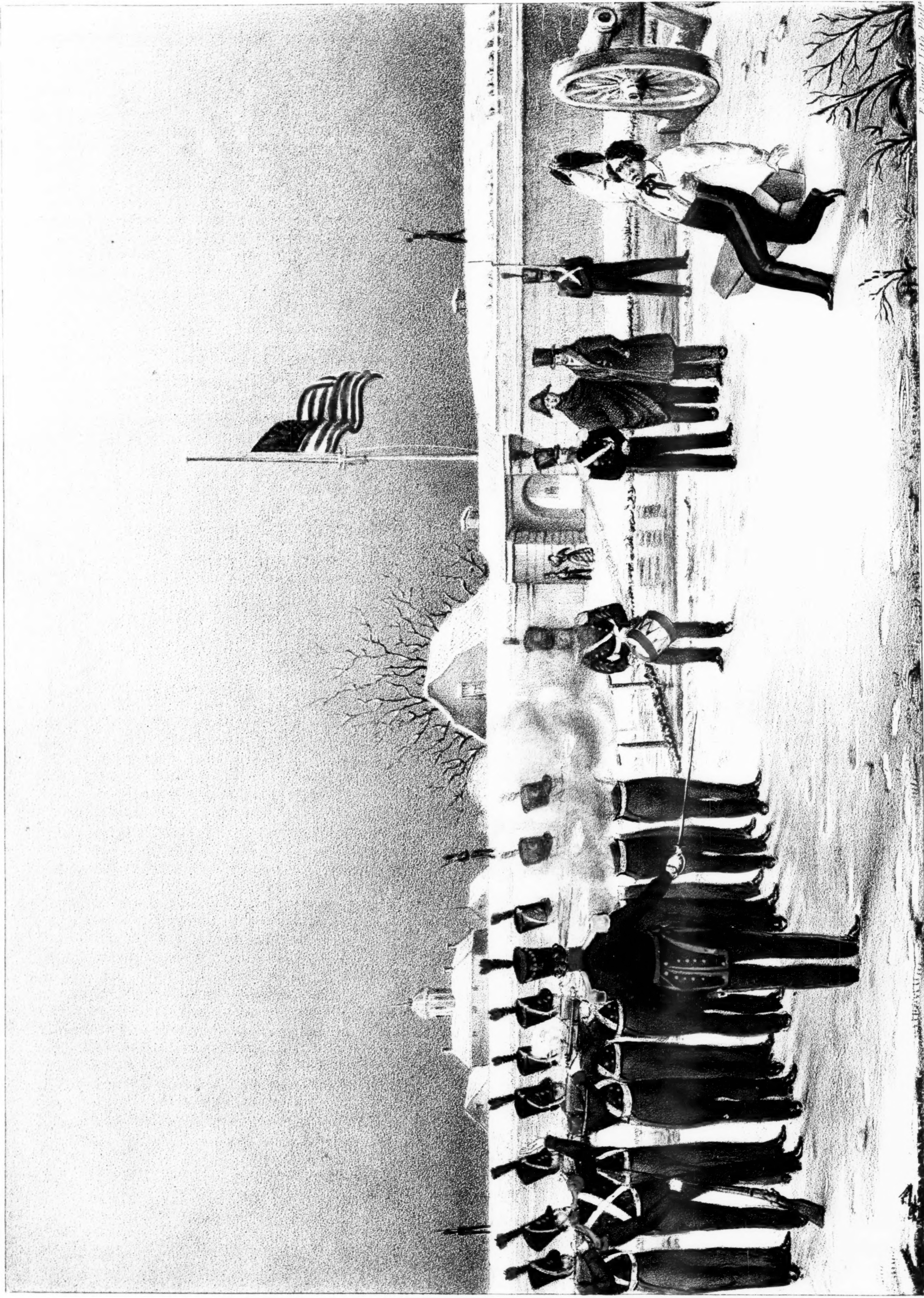
The most striking object in this grave yard is the *Cadets' Monument*, as it is termed, an Engraving of which accompanies this notice. It is situated at one extremity of the burial ground, and may be seen from the river beneath, or the hotel opposite. It was erected a few years since, by voluntary subscription of the Cadets, and is highly creditable to their munificence and taste. The print will convey a better idea of its appearance than any written description. Its object is to perpetuate the recollection of such students as die at the Point, whose names and the date of their decease, are engraved upon the separate slabs of marble of which the monument is composed.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

About six o'clock, A. M. we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle, at Albuera; the French were discerned near a wood, about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distance, to make our numbers appear as formidable as possible, and arriving on the field piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us; a total suspension took place of that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or risible countenances sunk at once into a pensive sadness, and for some time speech was supplanted by an exchange of sorrowful looks and significant nods. Before us lay the appalling sight of upwards of six thousand men, dead, and mostly stark-naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped by the Spaniards during the night; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn with the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle,

exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small stream almost choked with bodies of the dead, and from the deep traces of blood on its miry margin, it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their thirst. The waters of this oozing stream were so deeply tinged, that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or been carried thither. They were sitting or lying in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply, there was a clamorous and heart-rending confusion; the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other. Turning from this painful scene of tumultuous misery, we again strolled amongst the mangled dead. The bodies were seldom scattered about as witnessed after former battles, but lying in rows or heaps; in several places whole subdivisions or sections appeared to have been prostrated by one tremendous charge or volley.

Narrative of a private Soldier.



MILITARY EXECUTION.

Frederick recognizes that it is his Brother Charles, whom he is drafted out to shoot for desertion.

U.S. Military Magazine.

To P. H. Dutton, Author of "The Deserters"; this plate is Respectfully dedicated by

Wm. H. Dutton

Army & Navy Vol. 2, 29